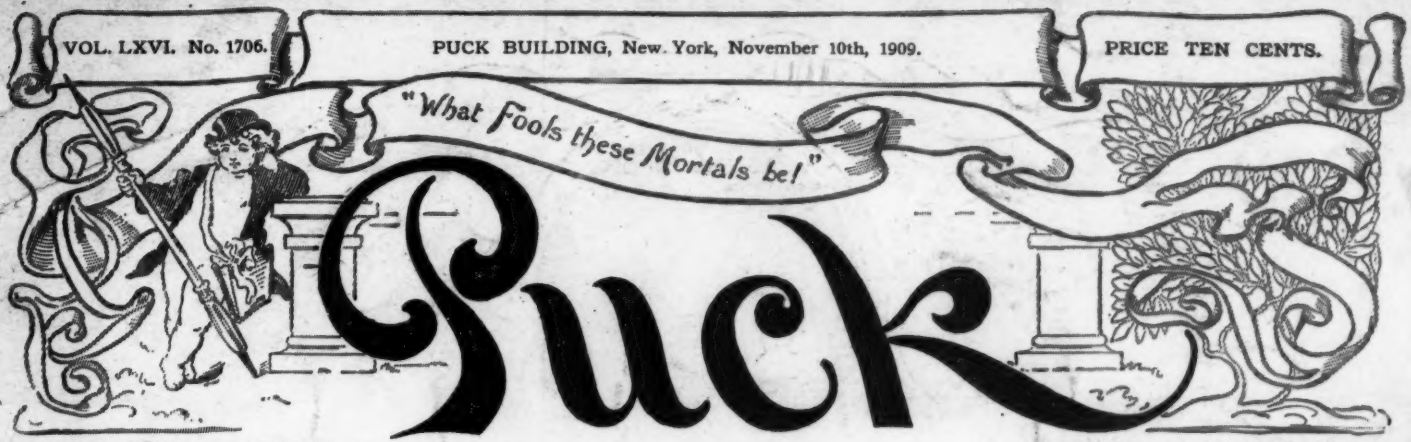


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THE EASY UMPIRE

"He slugs me every chance he gets, and you can't or won't see it."



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

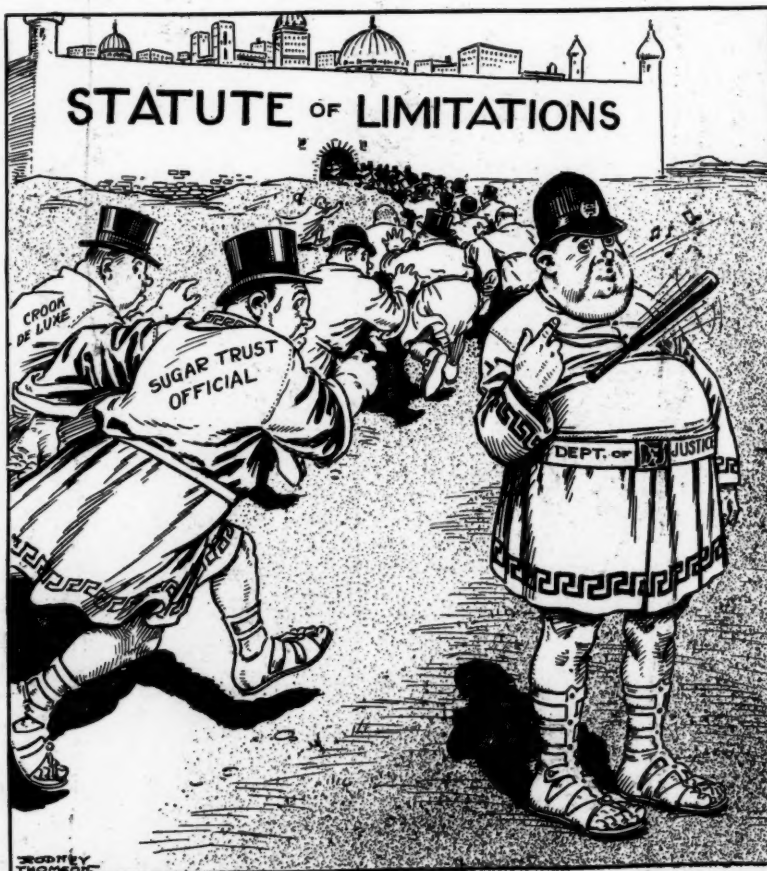
THROUGH the wreck of its ticket, Tammany will be minus all patronage except that which comes through the Mayor's office. Mayor-elect Gaynor declared in the campaign that he had to ask the way to Tammany Hall—a fact unimportant, however true. The important fact is that Tammany knows the way to the City Hall very well indeed. Let us see if a "No Thoroughfare" sign is erected by January 1.

A SUBSTANCE described as "confessed rottenness" has been found in the New York Custom House. Its chief ingredient is an alliance between certain Customs officials and certain importers for the purpose of cheating the Government. So bad is the state of affairs that a Congressional investigation is probable. Personally we are succeeding pretty well in keeping our horror at the disclosures within reasonable bounds. We are so used to associating the Tariff with graft that the Customs scandal simply represents a shift of viewpoint. One's attitude toward the Tariff depends very largely upon what one is. If one is a protected manufacturer, one's notion of the Tariff will differ materially from that of the importer of foreign goods. The protected person enters into a partnership with Congressmen and Senators to keep foreign goods out, and the importer enters into a partnership with appraisers and weighers to let foreign goods in. In both instances graft in one or another of its many forms is the price paid. A number of excellent gentlemen, Cabinet officers and others, have expressed themselves as "astonished" at the situation, but they should not be. Laws which one set of men will *make* for a consideration, not necessarily cash, another set of men will *break* for a consideration, not necessarily anything else. It is said of the honest men in the Customs service that they object to working elbow to elbow with the crooks; but this, it seems to us, is

an exhibition on their part of extreme squeamishness. The honest Customs man should get used to his environment, the same as the honest Congressman does, and learn to keep still. When one has a crook at one's elbow the approved procedure up to date is the silence known as "Senatorial courtesy."

LECTURING before the Kaiser on "The Power of Public Opinion in America," Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler described it as a force which no politician dared defy. Evidently, Professor Wheeler never heard of Nelson W. Aldrich.

A GOOD principle of law: A man is assumed to be innocent until proven guilty. A bad principle: A man is assumed to be guilty until proven innocent. The "safe and sane" principle: A man is assumed to be innocent till the Statute of Limitations makes it impossible to prove him guilty.



ONCE INSIDE THEY ARE SAFE.

"AND THEY SHALL BE UNTO YOU CITIES FOR REFUGE FROM THE AVENGER."—Numbers xxxv, 12.

PRESIDENT TAFT, on more occasions than one, has voiced his loyalty to the policies of his predecessor. Other remarks of his, however, together with certain acts and affiliations, would seem to indicate on his part a desire to further the Roosevelt cause in strict accordance with the Sermon on the Mount: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

"LLOYD-GEORGE, in his violent attack on property-owners."—The Sun.

Why not give the facts? The British Chancellor of the Exchequer makes no attack upon the principle of owning property. What he insists upon is that property owners shall pay a tax to the community proportionate to the value which the community, by its mere presence, has created for their property.

PUCK



"PLAY BALL THERE! PLAY BALL!"

WHEN YALE MEETS VASSAR ON THE AUTUMN GRIDIRON.



THE MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS.

A got her new back-hair to-day,
I saw it come by mail;
And sister had some blue sachet,
A locket, and a veil.
My grandma got a catnip ball,
Likewise a liver-pad;
And ma bought Sis a talkin' doll
By answerin' a ad.

Each day ma reads the magazines,
Tears off the dotted line,
"Send catalogue of limousines,"
"Please send me Booklet Nine."
"I saw your ad. in *Woman's Friend*,"
"Please send the bill to dad."
"Send 'How To Do the Grecian Bend,'" "Send booklet as per ad."

We do our marketin' by mail,
And pa buys cigarettes;
My aunt gets samples by the bale,
And sends back all she gets.
My grandma sent 'most fifty cents
For soap to make her young;
Sis learned to sing from Providence,
And Gosh! How she has sung!

Our phonograph we got from Maine,
Our food from Battle Creek;
Grand Rapids sent our chairs of cane—
And we send stamps each week.
The dotted lines are great to tear,
The catalogues come fast;
And rain or shine—oh, we don't care
While advertisements last!

H. E. Porter.

A GOOD WAY.

WOGGS.—The French Admiral, according to the press, was insulted at the celebration. I wonder what action his nation will take?

BOGGS.—I hope they will retaliate by withdrawing all their bill-of-fares from this country.

AN UNBELIEVER.

TRAVELING SALESMAN.—Well, Mr. Jabez, did you get in to see the Hudson-Fulton celebration?

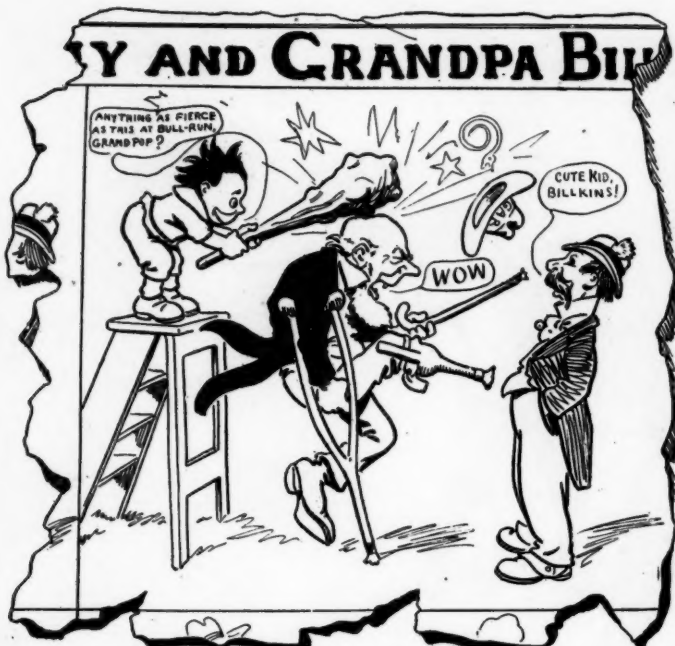
FARMER JABEZ.—No; I didn't come nigh the place, 'cause, d' ye know, I don't believe either one of 'em ever reached the Pole!



MORE TROUBLE FOR COOK.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER (in *New York Newspaper Office*).—I'm Joralemon Henry, the oldest living Brooklyn guide, an' I want to make an affidavit against this man Doctor Cook. He says I was with him when he reached the summit of Bushwick Avenue, an' I'm here to swear that we did n't go any higher up that day than Hicks and Pineapple Streets.

Strictly speaking, we shall have no leisure class until time finds a way of killing itself.

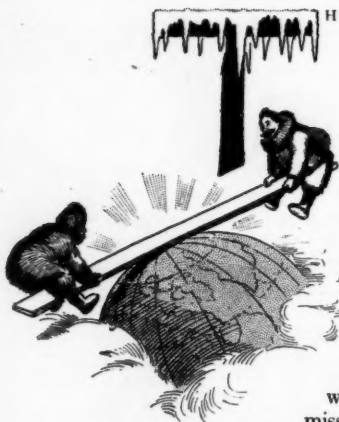


The Comic Supplements long ago taught us how to laugh at the kid who swats his grandsire.



And now the Moving Pictures are teaching us to laugh at the man who kicks his wife and mother-in-law.

THE GREAT POLE-EVIL.

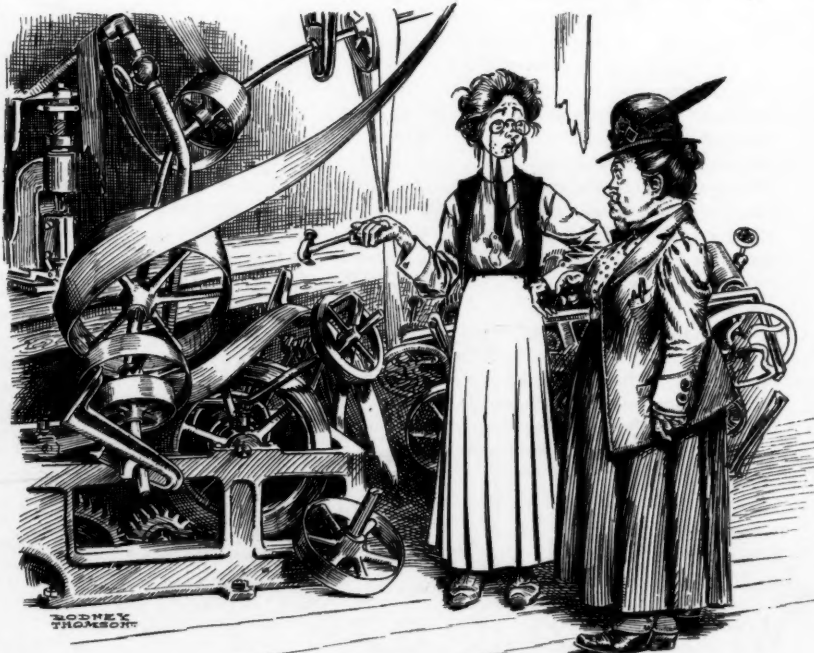


HE distressing epidemic known as Pole-Evil began in the year 1909," some venerable man may be expected to say near the latter part of the present century. "I was but a small boy at the time, but I remember hearing my old grandfather telling of it with many ominous waggings of his white head.

"During the Summer of that year men were marrying and giving in marriage, suing and being sued, with no thought of the morrow, when without warning there appeared a hairy man, one Doctor Cook, or Hook, or Crook (whether he was a doctor of medicine, horses, or divinity, I have forgotten), whom nobody had previously missed, with the announcement that he had discovered the North Pole.

"You will understand that at that time the Pole had never been discovered before, and therefore nobody realized how utterly valueless it was and how absolutely unimportant was its discovery. Great excitement ensued, which grew many fold when almost immediately another hairy man, a Commander Peary, or Leary, or some such name, popped up with the statement that the other man was a hairy liar, and that he himself had discovered the Pole, the absolute and only Pole, and he alone had the right to go on the Chautauqua platform and tell about it. This Leary's method of proving his claim was by attempting to talk all opposition to death; while Cook, or Crook, based his claims on incontrovertible evidence which he had entrusted to reliable witnesses who could not be found.

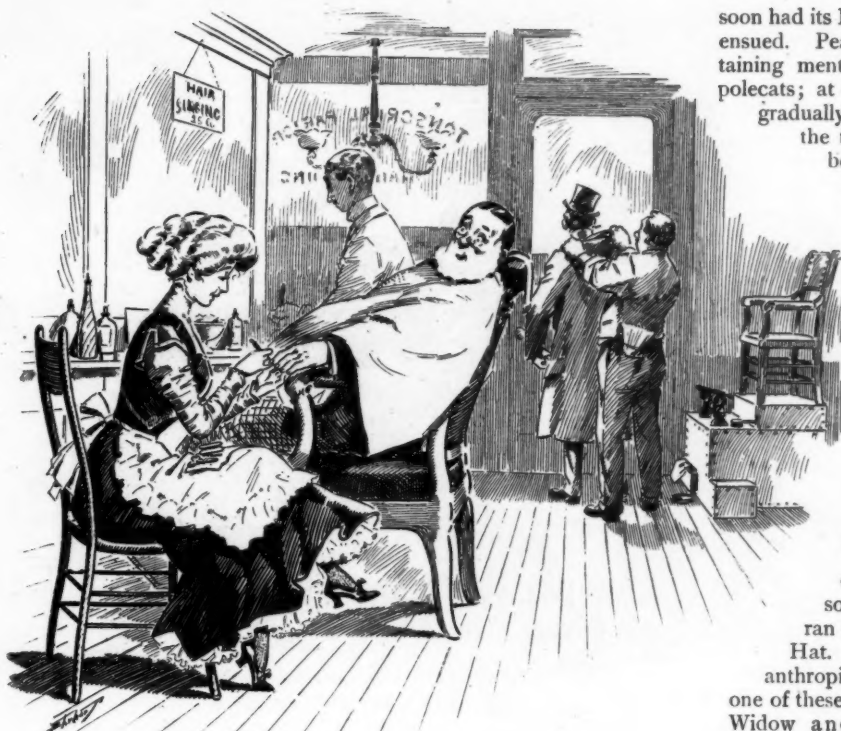
"As no one really knew anything about the merits of the matter, quite naturally everybody entertained decided opinions. Scientists all over the world issued statements that were immediately controverted by other scientists. The common people, who were fully as common then, but not so plentiful, as they are to-day, took sides. Crook Clubs and Leary Clubs sprang up everywhere, and the adherents of one and the partisans of the other were continually fighting. The consumption of liquor was greatly increased. The Tariff was forgotten and the Trusts went unscotched. The college presidents all had their say, adding much to the clamor but nothing toward clarifying the situation.



IN THE FEMININE EPOCH.

SENIOR PARTNER.—Great Scott! What's the trouble? Has a cyclone hit our plant?

JUNIOR PARTNER.—No. The new forewoman, Miss Sylph, put the machine-shop out of shape this morning by trying to use a twenty-four-foot belt where we have always used a thirty-six.



VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY!

IF NOT, WHY DOES A FELLOW THINK HE IS MAKING A HIT WITH THE MANICURE WHEN HE LOOKS LIKE THIS?

fashion to hold annual reunions of the fellows who had discovered the North Pole. Pastors were hired or fired, not because of their views on infant damnation, but because of the way they stood on the Cook-Peary question. The comic press waxed fat on it, and such conundrums as: 'If one is an Eskimo, are two of 'em Eski-Moses?' were considered sufficient provocation for glee.

"Baseball failed to attract. Aero-plane joy-riding ceased on account of the frequent tragedies attending it; Pole discussions were prone to arise, and there was almost always a falling out; one aviator while in mid-air disputed his fiancée's Polar opinions, and she threw him overboard. It became the fashion for heiresses to eschew foreign noblemen and Chinese Sabbath-schools to elope with gallant young Eskimos, of whom there were soon fully ten thousand who had accompanied Cook and Peary to the Pole. The Wild Man of the Everglades calmed down long enough to detect the trend of events, and fashioned fur rugs into garments and learned to blubber, and every circus



NOTHING IF NOT CORRECT.

SIDE-SHOW ANNOUNCER.—Here, ladies and gents, we have the famous original Bearded Lady. But, as beards are not in fashion at the present moment, the lady is very particular to shave every morning.

soon had its Erratic Eskimo. In due season the inevitable reaction ensued. Peace-loving people ceased to purchase periodicals containing mention of the North Pole; a heavy bounty was placed on polecats; at one point a Poleygamist was lynched. The Pole-Evil gradually subsided, and would have entirely died out but for the thirty-five-cent magazines, which about ten years ago began to give the ancient Greeks and Old Masters a much-needed vacation in order to start a dignified row about the discovery of the North Pole. This they will probably keep up for forty or fifty years longer. I fancy, however, that the Evil will reappear in but a very mild and different form."

Tom P. Morgan.

HIS TALL BROW.

ONCE UPON a Time, there was an Eminent Trustocrat whose Head was shaped something like a Dill Pickle and ran away up into the Top of his Hat. Upon occasions he had Philanthropic Spells, and it was during one of these that he learned that a weakly Widow and nine small Children were dwelling in Abject Poverty in a Wretched Tenement far down in the North End and extremely close to their Last End. Thereupon, he immediately ordered that there be sent them ten ornate post-card Albums, a gaudily-decorated Box containing a bushel of Chewing Gum, a gilded Stein the which when the Lid thereof was lifted played a Merry Lilt, a quantity of genuine Russian Caviar, a Telescope with three Draws, two hundred tickets to the Moving-

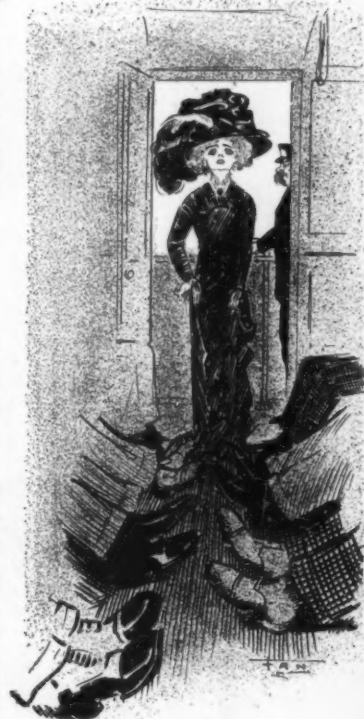
Picture Shows, and a large Crayon Portrait of Dr. Cook discovering the North Pole.

When chidden by a Hypercritical Friend on what plainly seemed the Ghastly Heartlessness and Fantastic Impracticability of his Giving, he replied:

"Not so! I am persuaded by Practical Experience that to confer Genuine and Unalloyed Glee on the Average Unfortunate we should not give him that which he desperately needs and which we well know he ought to have, but that for which he has long Yearned merely because he saw no Possibility of obtaining it—for so runneth the Human Mind."

And the Carping Friend, hypercritical no longer, bowed his Head in Acquiescence and went his Way.

THE one best bet is the one you did n't make.



DELICATESSEN ITEM.

FIGS' FEET TO-DAY!

We should learn to distinguish between strong novels and novels that are merely written in a loud voice.

PUCK

FAME.

"**W**HAT is fame?" the cynic cried
To the poet at his side.
"Fame is that which renders me
(Given wide publicity)
Valuable, when I'm dead,
To a publisher," he said.
Willis L. Clannan.

THE WASTEFUL WEST.

"**H**OW DID you like it out there in the West?"
asked Mrs. Pincher of Mrs. Skynflynt,
who had gone from "Old Varmount" to visit her
married son.

"Well, I liked some things about the country
reel well and some I did n't. For one thing, the
West is a turrible wasteful place. It just about
made me sick to see the waste in some things.
Do you know that out there in the West
they cut a pie in only four pieces?"
"How you talk!"

"It's so. An'
I think I'm bein'
ruther extravagant
when I cut a pie
in six pieces in-
stead of eight.
An' my son's wife
uses a *hull egg* to
clarify her coffee mornin's!"

"You don't say!"

"She does, an' eggs
bringin' thirty cents a doz-
en! I'm afeard my son
will never get ahead much
with a wife like that.
Made a cake once while I
was there an' put *five* eggs
into it!"

"My soul an' body!"

"She did. An' I saw her
throw into the fire a piece o'
white cotton cloth ev'ry bit
as big as my two hands, an'
the rag-men pay two cents a
pound for white rags! I tried
to grab it out of the fire to
bring it home with me, but it
was all ablaze before I got
hold of it. Then I saw her
with my own eyes spread

sugar all over a piece o' bread an' butter
for her little boy. If her an' my son don't land in the poorhouse
I miss my guess. The hull West is wasteful. I was in a store,



A MEASURE OF ECONOMY.

ALL OF THEM AT ONCE.—Save der lighdt!

an' a woman bought some things, an' they was a cent comin' to
her in change, an' she says: 'Oh, never mind the cent!' an' walked
off without it! An' they put cream in mashed pertaters out there,
an' think nothin' o' passin' the cake *twice* when they have comp'ny!"

"Of all things! Well, I've heerd that the West was awful
reckless, but I did n't know it was that bad. I'd hate to live in a
country where extravagance run riot like that. Must be a bad
place to raise a fam'ly!"

M. M.

TRICKSY FORTUNE.

KNOCKS Fortune once at each man's door;
But—changeul maid and archly gay!—
At sound of footfalls on the floor
She turns, and laughing runs away!

THOUSAND-DOLLAR ILLUSTRATION.

Income, \$1,000.....	Expenditure, \$999.99=	Happiness.
Income, 1,000.....	Expenditure, 1,000.90=	Misery.
Income, 1,000.....	Expenditure, 1,500.00=	Gay time.

AN OPEN-FACE WATCH.



MONK THE FOOTPAD.—That's a nice chain, Sport! What time is it?



MR. HIPPO.—Look for yourself, old feller!



MARCHING SONG
OF THE BARBER COLLEGE STUDENTS.

HAVE you felt a slight appalledness at an ever-growing baldness?
Do you pay the regulation shaving rates?
Then in your wildest manner cheer our gay barberic banner:—
We're the Barber College undergraduates.
In our every daily classes we perform upon the masses,
But the proletariat is not our goal. NIX! NAH!
We're the embryonic friskers of the nation's proudest whiskers—
SHAMPOO! HULLABALOO! BAY RUM! RAH! RAH!

In the almost present future we will be prepared to loot your
Purse for tonic baths and singeing on the side.
And we'll give prolonged massages to the owners of garages,
But even then we won't be satisfied.
Though we cut a legal light or trim a classy lightweight fighter,
Will our strangle-hold on fame consist of that? POOH! BAH!
We're the country's only res'dents who will slap the chops of pres'dents—
SHAMPOO! HULLABALOO! BAY RUM! RAH! RAH!

Horatio Winslow.

CALENDAR INSCRIPTIONS.



HINTS for the makers of Friendship Calendars in which
a message from the giver to the recipient is written
for each day in the year:

JANUARY 1.—Don't forget, in your good resolutions,
to resolve on paying me that five.

JANUARY 5.—I haven't seen that five yet.
Advise a course in memory training.

FEBRUARY 3.—Anniversary of the purchase of your gray derby. Have you discarded it yet?
Or must we notify the city Board of Health?

MARCH 30.—Yesterday was the anniversary of your marriage.
Of course, as usual, you forgot to give your wife a present.

APRIL 2.—Don't forget to spring your old gag to-day:

"April Fool is past
And you're the biggest fool at last!"

MAY 30.—About this time, after every one else has his straw hat, buy yours.

JUNE 20.—Begin your annual agitation for a "safe and sane Fourth." It's so much cheaper.

JULY 25.—Send your wife to the midsummer sales. Remember what a fine Spring hat she got last year for one-ninety-eight that you undoubtedly made her wear this Spring, although it is out-of-date.

AUGUST 3.—Impress upon your family the "beauties of the city as a summer resort," although you know the bluff won't work. How about that five?

SEPTEMBER 12.—Storm about the prospective coal-bills.

OCTOBER 1 TO 31 INCLUSIVE.—Storm about coal-bills.

NOVEMBER 1 TO 30.—Storm about coal-bills you've had to pay.

DECEMBER 31.—Remember to resolve to-morrow to pay me that five.

F. H. Williams.

THE ANOMALIES OF TASTE.

A WEAK, delicate woman was wheeled, in her invalid's chair, to the book-department.

"The latest big, burly novel, for men with red blood in their veins, please!" quoth she in a voice that was scarce above a whisper.

Just then a powerful, broad-chested man with a red neck stumped in.

"I want a story in the lavender and lace style, with a tender love-thread—in short, something sweet!" he roared.

But neither needed to have spoken—at sight of them the clerks knew what they were after.

THE PARASITE.

EACH DAY, at mutual expense,
Do I and Cleon dine—
The food and drink at Cleon's,
The jokes at mine.

REMEDIED.

SOCIOLOGISTS were profoundly alarmed to discover that the health of the moneyed classes was rapidly failing, and setting themselves forthwith to find the cause of so deplorable a condition, they presently brought to light the appalling fact that servants were working one hundred and twelve hours a week, or sixteen hours a day. That, of course, was too much.

Accordingly, a law was enacted which required all persons in domestic service to do their work, during at least fifty-six hours a week, without having to be watched, and the root of the matter being thus adroitly got at, the health of the moneyed classes was much better from that time forward.



A HELPING HAND.

MISTRESS (*hurrying frantically*).—Mary, what time is it now?

MAID.—Half-past two, mum.

MISTRESS.—Oh, I thought it was later:—I still have twenty minutes to catch the steamer.

MAID.—Yes, mum. I knew ye'd be rushed, so I set the clock back thirty minutes to give ye more time.



AN ARCTIC MONTE CRISTO.

ESKIMO LOVER (*to hitherto reluctant maiden*).—NOW will you marry me????!!

WE propose a million programs for progress, only to get forward at last by sheer blundering.

It is a contented man that can sit down and chuckle over the hard knocks he gave the world.

THE PUCK PRESS

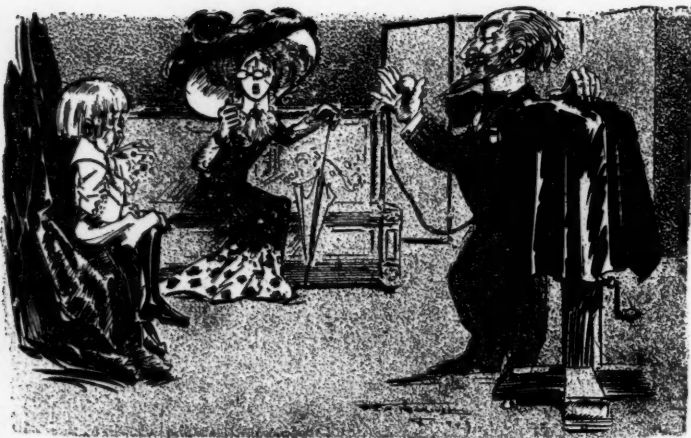
THE LEADER.



PUCK



PUCK



EXIT THE BIRDIE.

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHER (to WILLIE RICHMUG).—Now, listen just a minute, little boy, and hear the stock-ticker hum!

THE BIG NOISE.



A H TELL YO' it's high time!" disgruntledly remarked old Brother Buckaloo. "High time, sah, dat Mistah Roozyvelt done come back fum Af'iky! We needs him a heap sight wuss yuh dan dey do out dar. Things has gone to de doose whilst he's been away, and dey won't do no better twell he gits back. Nussah!

"De white folks has done gone hog-wild 'bout dis, dat, and de tudder, and de niggers is gone plum foolish. De whole fab'ication o' de country has went to staves, and dar ain't no he'p for it twell Mistah Roozyvelt climbs onto de seat and grabs de lines and de whip! Dess loogy!—dar was de Tariff: Mistah Taft, he went sasshayin' 'round de country, smilin' and 'splainin' how-come and why-not, dess gittin' hisse'f hated, and dat's all. Dat's what I heahs de white men say; de Cuhnels and Judges and Doctahs, sah,—men dat *knows*! Mistah Roozyvelt, he would-uh done popped de vee-toad on to de Tariff, and let de yudder side do de 'splainin'. Hoh!—nobody don't keer nuthin' 'bout a fat man, no-how!

"Dey's uh-racin' and uh-chasin' wid dese yuh air-ships, and de furriners is uh-beatin' us at it, I heahs tell. Nuthin' like dat if Mistah Roozyvelt was home. He'd beat de best o' dem Frenchmen, or whatever dey is, and shet up deir braggy moufs. And dis yuh Nawth Pole bidness—ah-Lawd! Squabblin' and squibbin' over whudder dis yuh Cook or dat dar Uh-whatyo'm'ycall'm 'skivered it, and folks uh-runnin' and tumblin' over each udder to see dis 'splorer or dat 'n, and uh-diggin' up two

dollars a clatter to heah 'em lecture, and—Aw, Mistah Roozyvelt, he'd come uh-draggin' de dod-gasted Pole home wid him. 'Dar 't is, out in de back-yahd; take a look at it, and don't bodder me,' he'd tell 'em. 'I's got sense to 'tend to.'

"Well, and dess recent, a lady—big, pompous, brown lady (claimed, she did, dat she had been a 'Gyptian princess, or suppin')—come yuh and 'nounced dat she would lecture in an unknown tongue at de Lodge Hall, and den raise de daid. Cou'se, de niggers 'most all got kothed. Dey knowed she could n't raise de daid, and dey did n't want to see de daid, even if she could raise 'em; dey went uh-kaze dey knowed she could n't, but dess wanted to see if she could. An, den—Who, *me*? Dag-gon it! I knowed all de time dar 'was n't nuthin'



THE RESPONSIBLE PARTY.

VISITING RELATIVE.—How aristocratic your father looks with all that gray hair.

THE NAUGHTY SON.—Yes, and he's got me to thank for it, too!

to no sich-uh foolishness, but I dess thought to muhse'f if dey *was* I'd have her raise Brudder Lank Porter, dat went fo'th 'bout two yeahs ago to walk on de glory-hills of immawtality uh-owin' me three dollahs, and I'd hommer him.

"Well-uh, and atter—Sah? Nussah; she did n't—not so 's yo' could notice it. She did n't raise nuthin' but twelve dollahs and semti-fi cents dat we'd paid to git in!

"Naw! All dis blame foolishness will stop wid a click when Mistah Roozyvelt gits home, and 't won't twell he do, needer!"

Tom P. Morgan.

FAITHFUL TROOPERS.

SO SHOULDER your guns and march, my lads,
Like ever-faithful troopers,
For all the world's a stage, my lads,
And you and I are supers.

A NAVAL PROGRAM is a program providing fire for more or less irresponsible statesmen to play with.



MEETING HIM HALF WAY.

RISING MOTORIST (to falling Aeroplanist).—H-h-hello, old man! Hit this tree? S-s-so did I!

KNOWLEDGE ENOUGH.

AT THE moment of their fall Adam and Eve, being innocent, were used to doing things in an unconscious manner.

That is to say, they did n't Fletcherize.

With the result that they failed of getting the full effect of the apple,—all the proteids and carbohydrates.

However, in their blind, blundering way they attained to enough knowledge of good and evil to make them terrible bores to themselves forever after, and to all their descendants likewise unto the present generation.

PUCK

SHE POURED THE TEA.

SHE poured the tea. Ah, she was fair
As, urn in hand, she neared my chair
And stooped my waiting cup to fill,
The while I sensed a wond'rous thrill —
For such a fragrance filled the air.

'T was not the tea; her wayward hair
Just brushed my cheek, and lingered
there;—

How could I calmly wait until
She poured the tea?

To steal a kiss who would not dare?
If one, who would not steal a pair?
I stole them, as a fellow will,
And sensed a warmer feeling still,
Tho' not of heart, for that's not where
She poured the tea!

Louise Schneider.

AUTHORS' ANTI-EDITOR SOCIETY.

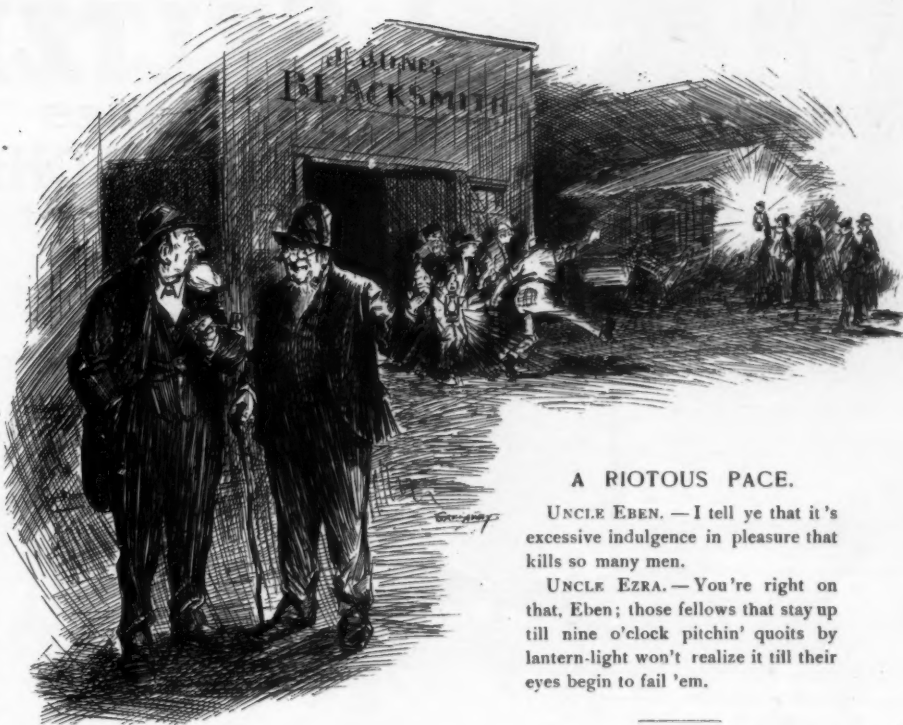
RULES AND REGULATIONS.

THE contents of all magazines shall be arranged
by a Board of Directors elected from the
authors (unpublished) of the country.

The position of Editor shall be abolished by
the United States Government under the provisions
of the Statute of Limitations, the Pure Food
Law, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and
the new Tariff Law.

Any person found guilty of acting in the capacity of an Editor
shall be punished to the full extent of the law. The minimum punishment
shall be not less than drawing and quartering.

All authors (unpublished) are to be as welcome in the magazine
sanctums as the flowers in May. They shall be met at the door by the president of the company, stenographers, clerks, and typesetters. The manuscripts shall be received on a silver salver, thereupon immediately neatly rolled and tied about the middle with a blue ribbon.



A RIOTOUS PACE.

UNCLE EBEN. — I tell ye that it's
excessive indulgence in pleasure that
kills so many men.

UNCLE EZRA. — You're right on
that, Eben; those fellows that stay up
till nine o'clock pitchin' quoits by
lantern-light won't realize it till their
eyes begin to fail 'em.

Each member of the society shall be accorded publication in
some one of the leading magazines at least once each month by the
Board of Directors. For this he shall receive not less than ten
cents per word.

No manuscripts shall be "rejected." In case the author un-
fortunately approaches some periodical out of turn, he shall be
notified of the same by the head of the press-room, who shall call
him up over the long-distance 'phone. A meeting place shall be
designated at some prominent restaurant, the author's expenses
shall be paid to the city where the magazine is published, and all his
expenses while in the city, whether for a week or a month, shall
also be given him by the magazine. The
manuscript in question, neatly placed in
a velvet-lined rosewood box, shall be
returned to the author with befitting
ceremony.

When necessary to accord each
author his proper hearing, the advertis-
ing pages of the magazines shall be
cut and the space formerly occupied
by them used in reading-matter. No
story, article, or poem shall ever be
left out from one month to another
owing to lack of space.

The position of "reader" on the
various magazines shall be declared
null and void. The author himself
shall be the sole and only judge of the
fitness of his work for publication.

Frank H. Williams.

FORCIBLE FEEDING.

WHEN THE Suffragettes in the English jails re-
fused to eat, it was attempted to feed them
forcibly.

It was a happy thought, but, as a social pre-
scription, forcible feeding is much more likely to prove
efficacious in handling the pauper question.

A PLEBEIAN STREAK IN HIM.

MRS. NOTHYNGE-BUTT. — Clive, leave that filthy bill alone!
How often must I tell you not to pick up every trifle you see in the
street!


AS THERE'S little likelihood of their changing the name of the
"Morse" steamboat, — in response to a considerable de-
mand, — would there seem any impropriety in the suggestion that
it be done over in guilt?



**The man who is in tune with the infinite is usually out of tune with every-
thing else.**

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM.

FIVE CENTS THE OUNCE AND IN 5¢, 10¢ AND 25¢ PACKETS



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada.

SHE.—Are you fond of tea?
HE.—Yes; but I like the next letter better.—*Boston Transcript.*

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THE FIRST AFFINITY.
By Carl Hassmann.
Photogravure in Carbon Black, 13 x 19 1/2 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.
Smaller size, 8 x 11 in. Price Twenty-five Cents.

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USE THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

BLAIR'S PILLS

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. 50¢ & \$1

DRUGGISTS.
OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.




BROMO-SELTZER

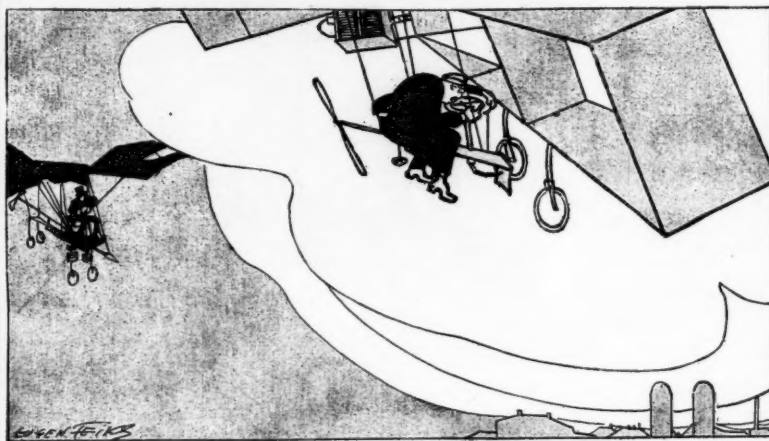
CURES HEADACHES

10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & \$1.00 Bottles.

UNFOUNDED.

MRS. GRAMERCY.—I feel so wretched. I found a dark hair on the suit my husband wore last Summer.

MRS. PARK.—Don't worry, dear. If you remember, your hair was dark last year.—*Lippincott's.*



"Quickly behind this cloud! Here comes my tailor!"

—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

The Christmas Holidays are coming. The Christmas Puck will be on hand, as usual, to help gladden the occasion and, incidentally, to show you where and what to buy for holiday gifts and cheer.

The Christmas Puck has never departed from the high standard established many years ago. First in the field of American humorous weeklies, it has always furnished the very best of artistic features, has always been independent in its editorial and other reading matter, and its mechanical work is not surpassed by any other journal.

The Christmas Puck will be published December 1st; the edition, being unusually large, must be put to press about November 20th.

The Christmas Puck invites all advertisers and advertising agents to participate in its annual double number.

PUCK, NEW YORK.



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes

Good? Well, rather.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he does n't have to dress in a cold room!"—*Bohemian.*

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BEFORE THE GAME. Photogravure in Sepia, 13x19 1/2 in.
By Stuart Travis. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 280 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

EXHILARATES THE SPIRIT
AND RESTORES THE TONE
OF LAGUID NATURE

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

POUTER.—There are three reasons why I don't play poker. First, I have no money—

TOUTER.—Never mind the rest.—
The Coyote.

TARIFF NOTE.

Lay away the hose supporter
And the patent garter, too.
They're among the things no longer
Any earthly use to you.
Do not worry more, dear reader;
Drink no more its bitter cup.
Trust the good old Aldrich tariff—
It will keep your stockings up.
—Exchange.

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

"How's your wheat?"
"First rate."
"Pigs doin' well?"
"Fine."
"That puny colt come 'round all right?"
"He sure did."
"Glad to hear things is so likely, Bill. How's your wife?"—*Courier-Journal.*

EVERY man may have his price, but he shouldn't spend too much in advertising it.—*Denver Times.*

"THE world wipes its feet on me," said the doormat.
"And every man's hand is against me," said the push-button.—*Kansas City Times.*

MISS HOMELEIGH.—Perhaps you won't believe it, but a strange man tried to kiss me once.

MISS CUTTING.—Really! Well, he'd have been a strange man if he'd tried to kiss you twice!—*Illustrated Bits.*

"SO THIS is your daughter's coming-out dinner, is it?" a friend said to the debutante's father.

"Yes," the stern old man replied, "and if I had n't put my foot down on that dressmaker, she'd have been out even further than she is!"—*Young's Magazine.*



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, WHEN QUITE A BOY, CONSTRUCTS A HEN-HOUSE FOR HIS GRANDFATHER.

—From *Punch*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

HUNGRY HIGGINS.—A woman gimme a handout dis mornin', den had de noive t' ask me t' beat a carpet for her.

DUSTY DOOLITTLE.—Wot did you say?

HUNGRY HIGGINS.—I tole her dat I wuz orful sorry, but I was all tired out from beatin' a railroad!—*Chicago News.*

Yes, friend,

BLATZ

MILWAUKEE

Is the Finest
BEER
Ever Brewed

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet.
Insist on "Blatz"
Correspondence invited direct
VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

LITERARY CONTAMINATION.

MOTHER.—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday-school?

JOHNNY (with a far-away look).—Yes, mamma.

MOTHER.—How does it happen that your hands smell of fish?

JOHNNY.—I carried home the Sunday-school paper, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale!—*Western Christian Advocate.*

For Sale—Puck's Originals.



WING to the many requests for the original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have decided to place them all on sale. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods, — pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his representative artists framed and on exhibition in his own art-gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Lafayette Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time. The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.

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NEW YORK.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

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A PASTORAL STUDY.
By George W. Blake.

Photogravure in Sepia, 15 x 20 in.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

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HUNGRY.
By George Blake. Photogravure in Carbon Black, 8 x 11 in.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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THE COVER PAGE.
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PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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NOT ALL HAY IS MADE WHILE THE SUN SHINES.
By George Blake. Photogravure in Carbon Black, 11 x 8 in.
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By Stuart Travis. Photogravure in Sepia, 10 1/2 x 15 in.
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THE RIGHT MOVE.
By Stuart Travis. Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 14 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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CLUB ROOMS
THE PARLOR
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THE "DEN"

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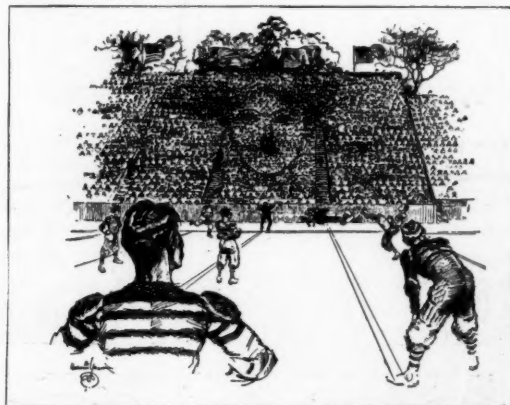
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AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.
By Gordon H. Grant. Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.
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A DEAL ON THE CURB. Photogravure in Sepia, 14 x 19 in.
By Stuart Travis. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.
By Shef Clarke. Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

For
50 YEARS
Its
Lively Sparkle—Exquisite Bouquet—Absolute Purity—have delighted the most critical tastes.

COOK'S
IMPERIAL
EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE

1859
to
1909
Golden Jubilee



IN THOSE DAYS.

Marc Antony turned impatiently to the energetic young man who had touched his elbow.

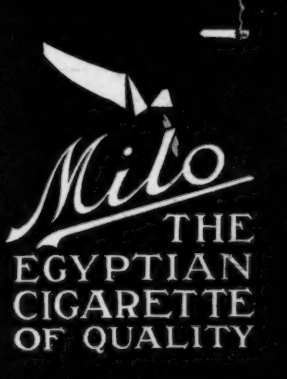
"Mr. Antony," said the young man, "can you tell me how much money Cæsar left his family?"

"I cannot," said Marc abruptly. "I came to bury Cæsar, not to appraise him!"

And the reporter, who was not very accurate, went away and misquoted Antony, and made him famous.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

PETER AND JOHN (seeing a large plate-glass pane being put in).—We may as well go home. They are not going to let it fall.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Milo
THE
EGYPTIAN
CIGARETTE
OF QUALITY



A CHIC young enchantress named Maude Had a shape that was plainly a fraud.
When out walking one day
All the buttons gave way,
And the bystanders hollered "Good gawd!"
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A SUGGESTIVE NAME.

LUCINDA.—Well, 'Rastus, hab yo' rived t' de 'clusion what yo' am gwine t' name dis chile?

'RASTUS.—Yas, Lucinda; I guess we'd bettah call him Hennerly."—*Lippincott's.*

NOT FIT FOR PUBLICATION.

MRS. CHURCH.—What did your husband say when you gave him the fountain pen?

MRS. GOTHAM.—I'd rather not say. He tried to use it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Club Cocktails



IF you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well.

FOR SALE BY ALL GOOD DEALERS.


G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

The Best Bitter Liqueur
Underberg
The World's Best
Bitters

The quickest, surer, "pick-me-up" known. Excellent for everybody, whether old or young.

Sold Everywhere

LUYTIES BROTHERS,
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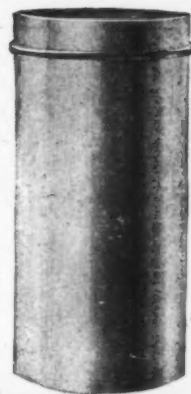
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Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

makes the process of shaving not only a quick but also an easy and agreeable one, and keeps your face right.



Nickel
Box
Hinged
Top

Mailed by us postpaid on receipt of 25c., if your druggist fails to supply you. Trial size (enough for fifty shaves) sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

THE LITTLE MARKSMEN



AND NERO, THE BUR DOG.

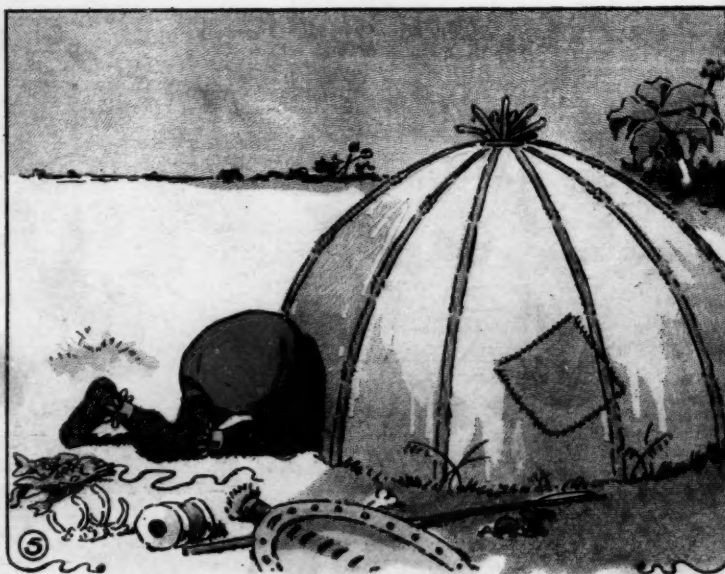
—*Lustige Blätter.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

SUBBUBS.—It is simply great to wake up in the morning and hear the leaves whispering outside of your window.

CITYMAN.—It is all right to hear the leaves whisper, but I never could stand hearing the grass mown.—*Boston Transcript.*

PUCK



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NOT FRIGHT, MERELY ENTERPRISE.